

THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Courier*.



FATHER GEHAGAN'S ADVICE.

THE SHADOW ON THE HEARTH.

CHAPTER III.—PAT HOURAGAN'S PLEDGE.

"But where you feel your honour grip
Let that eye be y ur border."—*Burns*.

BALLYKILLEENA PARK, County Cork, the seat of Squire Martin, was not a park at all, any more than Ballykilleena itself was a *polis* or town, as its name Bally would have implied. There are so many things in Ireland, as well as in other parts of the

world, which are called by names too great for them. The estate was large enough, to be sure, extending over several thousand acres, but by far the greater part of it was mountain, moor, or bog. There were also woods, and meadows, and land under plough, but the extent of these was comparatively small. Squire Martin was bent on reclaiming as much of the waste land as possible, and had borrowed money under the Encumbered Estates Act for that purpose. He had built himself a new house, too, so new that

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

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it was not yet finished, and an extensive range of farm buildings; and these, with sundry cottages, a bridge, new roads, etc., had given occupation for some time past to a large number of labourers, and required also the occasional supervision of an architect. Our friend Mr. Alfred Reed came therefore at intervals from Halford Quay, *via* Bristol and Cork, to Ballykilleena; and as the works approached completion his visits became more frequent and of longer duration. That was natural enough; and it was of course only by a chance coincidence that at the same time Squire Martin's niece, Margarita Carroll, whose home was at Mary Cross in the same county, came to visit her uncle, and was staying for several weeks in the same house with the architect. Miss Carroll possessed neither the lively manners nor the personal attractions which usually belong to girls of her nationality at the age of nineteen or twenty. She was, on the contrary, quiet and reserved, and, as has been already hinted, strongly imbued with the traditions and superstitions of the Romish Church, in which she had been educated. It could never have been anticipated that she would have yielded her affections to an Englishman and a Protestant, and that after only a few weeks' acquaintance. The retirement of a convent might have been judged more congenial to her tastes; but nothing is strange in love or courtship; and from the time when Margarita Carroll first met Alfred Reed at Ballykilleena Park an attachment sprang up between them which quickly ripened into love. There was as yet no positive engagement between them, but this was only a question of time; and Mr. Reed was now on his way to Ballykilleena to make his final survey of the works which were approaching completion, and at the same time to bring to a decided issue that other affair which he had taken in hand on his own account, and upon which, as he told himself, the future happiness of his own life, and that of one yet dearer to him, was to depend.

Bianconi's car dropped him at the lodge just finished, half an Irish mile from the hall. A smaller conveyance of the same type with a pair of wheels and one horse was waiting for him there, the driver of which, a tall, sprightly-looking "boy," greeted him as an old friend, taking off his hat with a graceful sweep, and exclaiming in hearty tones, "Long life to your honour and long may you live! Give me the portmanteau here on my shouldther," he said, as he took it down from the car; "sure I know it of old; and the tin box that might be full of goold by the weight of it. Good luck go wid it."

"So you've got back to the stables, Pat?" said Mr. Reed, when they were both seated, and were bowling swiftly down the "avenue."

"I have, your honour."

"I hope you'll manage to stay there this time."

"I will, your honour; annyhow I mane it."

Pat Houragan, it must be told, was a handy "boy," two or three and twenty years of age, and six feet some inches high. He could drive, groom a horse, clean harness, do anything in short in the stables, having a natural fondness for horses. Indoors, also, he could make himself generally useful; the cook liked to get hold of him as kitchen boy; the footman set him to clean knives and shoes; he was not a bad carpenter, and could bore a tree and fit it as a pump almost as well as if that had been his only trade. Yet Pat's usual occupation was of a more humble and less artistic kind than any of these.

He was generally to be found on the land, digging with a queer sort of implement, shaped like a heart and handled like a hoe, taking up a few ounces of soil at a time; or sitting upon a heap by the road-side breaking-stones; or cutting fuel on a bog. For this waste of his natural abilities he would say nobody was to blame but "the craythur." At present Pat was rising in the scale, "by rayson of the pledge," which he had taken for the second time, and was bent on keeping to the letter of it; therefore he had been trusted with a young and spirited horse to drive, which he could manage as well as any one when he was sober.

"I'm glad to see that you continue steady, Pat," said Mr. Reed. "What does Biddy say to it?"

"Oh then, your honour, Biddy is too bad entirely. She won't look at me, just because I was overtaken onst—you know all about it, sir—after I had took the pledge the first time."

"I remember; you broke your oath you know; that's a very serious matter. She thinks you may do the same again."

"Broke me oath, your honour; sorra a one of me! Sure it's a thing I'd scorn to do, if it wor to save me life. Sure it happened just this way. I took the pledge never to dhrink a *dhróp* of whisky nor ale nor wine—wine wasn't likely—for a twelve-month and a day. But there was Dan Conolly's wake fell out. How could I help that? Sure it wasn't my fault at all that Dan Conolly went and got himself killed at the pattern, and me his first cousin. But I didn't break the pledge, your honour, for all that. I never dthrank a dthrop that night. I only sopped me bit of bread in it and ate it up. Sure I didn't tell no lie about it, and I wouldn't not to save me life."

"Well, Pat, I agree with Biddy. I don't see the difference. Truth doesn't consist in words, but in the intention. You meant when you took the pledge that you would not get drunk, and you deliberately planned and contrived to do so. It must have taken you a long time to sop the bread and eat it."

"Sure it took the best part of a loaf, your honour, and I had hard work to manage it then."

"And all that time you were acting a lie. In my opinion that's worse than telling one."

"Sure your honour is harder wid me than Father Murphy was; and by the same token it's he that likes a dthrop himself. I wonder, if he took the pledge as I did, would he keep it anny stricter? I'm all right now, annyhow; and if your honour would spake a word for me to Biddy—but she's not here now, more's the pity."

"Not here! where is she then?"

"Gone off to Mary Cross wid the young mistress."

"You don't say so!"

Pat looked at Mr. Reed for a moment with a comical expression. "Now, beggin' yer pardon, sir," he said, "is that what you call truth—telling me 'I don't say so,' plain to me face, while the words is still upon me lips? Sure, if that ain't a— But I don't wish to say anything impolite."

"It was only an exclamation, Pat—a manner of speaking; you couldn't be deceived by it. It's the intention makes the lie, not the words."

Pat screwed up his mouth as if he were whistling, but said nothing.

"When did they go?" Mr. Reed asked, presently.

"Yesterday. Maybe your honour will be going

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after them. Sure I could drive you over in two hours wid this stepping mare."

Mr. Reed had not expected this; but on reflection he was not surprised. He had written to Miss Carroll and to her uncle also before leaving England, and it was natural that the lattershould choose to see him and confer with him alone on the subject of his proposed marriage. It was also natural and right that Miss Carroll should under such circumstances return to the protection of her aunt, Miss Egan, who was her nearest relative. But it was a disappointment for the ardent lover, and he hardly knew whether to regard it as auguring well for his hopes, or the contrary. While he was thinking the matter over the fast-trotting mare brought him to the door of Ballykilleena Hall, and he alighted.

Squire Martin was a gentleman of good family, as most Irishmen are. He could trace his descent indirectly from the kings of Munster, and could go back directly to a still greater antiquity, like the subject of the epitaph—

"John Carnegie lais heer,
Descendit of Adam and Eve,
Gif ony con gang hieher,
Ise willing give him leve."

His estates, too, had stood on the same spot where they then were, and in nearly the same condition of mountain and bog, longer than any one could tell. But, though proud of his ancestry, he did not, like many of the squireens around him, disdain to occupy himself with business matters, but spent all his time in trying to improve the condition of his property and of those who dwelt upon it. Avoiding politics, the only question of home rule which he ever entertained was how to manage his own house and its belongings, and to assist the domestic economies of his poorer neighbours. All the newest and best implements of agriculture were brought to Ballykilleena, and the peasantry instructed in the use of them; and by constant personal assistance and supervision, many of them were found to answer almost as well in the hands of his labourers as the old-fashioned tools to which they had been accustomed. In course of time he did not doubt they would receive a fairer trial and a more general approval; at all events he went the right way to work to bring about such a result, and gave every encouragement to those who were disposed to help him.

Squire Martin had been twice married: his first wife had been sister to Miss Carroll's mother; sister also to the Miss Egan of Mary Cross, under whose motherly care Margarita Carroll had been educated. His second wife was a tall, bony, good-tempered, active woman, with a strong voice and a fluent tongue. Mr. Reed was rather afraid of her on account of her extreme affability and friendliness, which rendered her attentions to a guest almost overpowering. She welcomed him on the present occasion at the door of her house, and preceded him to her own room, talking all the way.

"The squire was waiting for him in the book-room," she said; "but she wanted to have a word with him first, and to tell him he had made a bold stroke for a wife; and for her part she hoped he might succeed. She was a Catholic herself, but not one of them that went all lengths; she did not approve of shutting up young girls in convents; and that was what Margarita would have before her if she were not to marry; and how could she ever

marry in that out-of-the-way place at Mary Cross with her old maid aunt, where nobody ever came to see anybody, except perhaps Father Gehagan and some other priests and missionaries, very good men all of them, no doubt, but not marriageable, of course. There was work enough in the country for every lady of them all, if they would but do it: look at the girls on the land, and the women and children in the cottages and holdings. If all the poor were to get married in their teens, and all the 'good families' to go into convents, what would be the end of it? But Mr. Reed would have to go and see Miss Egan and make his case good with her, and that would be no easy matter, for she was of a different way of thinking."

Mr. Martin came presently to join them, and when an opportunity was given him of putting in a word, confirmed what his wife had said; but he was more reserved and less sanguine as to the results of the marriage; Margarita being so strict and zealous as a Roman Catholic, and he, Mr. Reed, a Protestant.

Mr. Reed corrected him. "No, not a Protestant," he said; "I don't call myself by such a name as that; an Anglo-Catholic, if you please."

"Don't you belong to the Established Church then?"

"Yes, but—"

"Ah, come then! if you arn't a Protestant you ought to be. I might as well say I'm not a Catholic; but I'd be ashamed to deny it myself."

Mr. Reed endeavoured to explain, but the squire could make nothing of it. "There's only Catholics and Protestants," he said, "in a Christian country; you must be one or the other. There are honest men on both sides, no doubt; but as for the mongrel half-and-half men, I really don't know what to think of them."

"I'm not a half-and-half," said Mr. Reed, indignantly; "of course I belong to the Reformed Church, and have no idea of leaving it."

"And Margarita belongs to the Roman Catholic Church; and you may be sure she won't leave that. So if you make a match of it, it must be on that understanding, and without prejudice to either side. But I suppose that you already understand one another?"

"I think so," Mr. Reed answered, with a smile; "and I promise you, on my part, that your niece shall have the free and full enjoyment of her religion, and that I will never suffer her to be annoyed by any attempt to turn her from it. Her faith, her opinions, her duties and habits as a Roman Catholic shall always be respected."

"Miss Egan would never forgive her if she were to change her creed, or even to grow careless about it," Mr. Martin replied; "it will be a sore trial to her that she should wish to marry a Protestant; but she will perhaps get over that. I don't think she would ever see her again, or leave her a penny of her money, if she were to turn Protestant, or whatever else you may call it; but I dare say she will let you know her intentions on that head."

"I need hardly say," said Mr. Reed, drawing himself up, "that whatever Miss Egan's intentions may be with regard to the disposal of her property, it will make no difference to me, nor, as I firmly believe, to Miss Carroll, as far as our marriage is concerned."

"I should hope not," said the squire; "I did not mean to imply that it would. You will be sent for
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in a day or two to Mary Cross I have no doubt, and then you will know more about it; that's where everything will have to be settled."

CHAPTER IV.—FATHER GEHAGAN.

"The Catholic Church exacts such implicit obedience, that if any member, however valuable, falls away from his belief in any one point, he is cut off without reserve."—*Cardinal Wiseman.*

IF one may judge by the excitement and consternation which have prevailed at Mary Cross ever since Miss Carroll's return thither, it is not likely that the settlement referred to in the preceding chapter will be accomplished without some difficulty.

Margarita had not found courage to tell her aunt the exact state of the case; and the few hints which she dropped on the day of her arrival were either not understood, or were received with so much coldness as to prevent any further confidences at that time. The next morning, when the letter-bag was opened at the breakfast-table, Miss Egan turned over the letters, wondering, after a habit of her own before breaking the seals, whom they could be from and what could be their contents. She came at length to Mr. Martin's envelope, in which Mr. Reed's letter to the squire on the subject of his proposed marriage was enclosed. Margarita sat at the opposite side of the table watching her aunt with breathless anxiety, and saw by the changes of her countenance as she perused the letter, how curiosity gave way to surprise, and surprise to indignation, and indignation to pain and anger.

"Why, goodness gracious me!" she exclaimed at length, "is the man mad? what can he mean? who is he?"

Margarita, who had by this time risen from her chair with a vague idea that she must go away and hide herself somewhere, turned at this appeal and answered—

"Mad! no indeed; why should he be?"

"Do you know what is in this letter?"

"Yes—no; at least I can guess it."

"And you can stand there and say so! You approve! you consent! What is this that he says? Reason to hope my suit accepted; difference of religious views no obstacle. Are you mad also, Margarita? who is this—creature?"

The last word was uttered with such an emphasis of scorn that Margarita stood speechless, repressing with difficulty the fierce angry words which would have broken forth if she had suffered her lips to move.

"Anglo-Catholic," Miss Egan continued: "what does he mean by that. There's only one Catholic religion in the world, and that's the Roman. Oh, Margarita, how could you ever have anything to say to such a man as this? and without telling me, or even Father Gehagan; for I'm sure if you had made your conscience clear with him about it, he would have stopped it in a moment; and that is what you ought to have done."

"You forget, aunt, that I have not seen Father Gehagan for several months."

"You might have seen him; or—or Father Murphy even."

"Father Murphy! He is not the sort of man you would wish me to speak to, aunt, if you knew him. Mr. Martin would not allow him to enter his doors, though I believe he does come sometimes to the servants' hall without his knowledge."

"Mr. Martin is too free in his opinions, too careless in his duty to the Church; and his wife—his present

wife—encourages him. So different from my dear sister dead and gone. I fear I have done wrong in letting you stay with them. I fear that you also are growing lukewarm. Everybody used to call you Sister Margarita; everybody thought you had a call to a holy life and would go into a convent; and now you talk of being married; and as if that wasn't bad enough, must choose a Protestant! Oh, Margarita!" And the good lady rose from her chair and walked about the room in great perturbation.

"You don't know Mr. Reed. Let him come and see you, aunt; I am sure you have not the least idea what he is like, or what are his opinions. It hurts me to see you so vexed. Do let him come. He's not at all like a Protestant; indeed he hates the very name of Protestant, and thinks the Reformation was a mistake and a great sin. He is what they call a High-Churchman and a Ritualist; he has built a beautiful church, and you could not tell it from one of our own, he says; there really is very little difference in the services. You may be sure I shall never change; and very likely he will, after we are married; though he would not do it for my sake, of course. If you would but send for him!"

"Married! Has it come to that? Is everything settled and decided, and—"

"Nothing is settled, aunt; nothing will be settled without your consent."

"Oh, my consent! I suppose, then, this man knows how you are situated; he has no doubt inquired and found out all about it, and what are your expectations from me. I meant to have left you all I have, that you might do good with it in the Church. But you can tell him that the Protestants, the heretics, shall never have Mary Cross; perhaps that will alter him."

"You do him injustice, aunt; you are very unkind. Mr. Reed has a good business as an architect, and does not want your money. I can't stay here to hear you talk like that. I thought you loved me too well to—to—" And the poor girl bursting into tears, hastened towards the door.

"It is because I love you, Margarita, dear, because I love you, and for the sake of your dear mother, now, I hope, in glory—" She hesitated for a moment, but resumed: "Yes, I will hope so, that I—I—I—" And then she also broke into sobs, and the two women, running together, threw their arms about each other's necks, and sat down on the sofa side by side, and every spark of anger and resentment which had begun to kindle in their hearts, was quenched at once in the tears of human sympathy and affection which they mingled.

Very little more was said about the contemplated marriage that day, but a little while before post-time Miss Egan said to her niece, "I have written to Father Gehagan to ask him to come and see us; you know we have always looked up to him for advice, and he is so different from anybody in this neighbourhood, though, of course, a priest is always a priest, however poor and lowly his position may be. You will like to see Father Gehagan, will you not?"

Margarita assented. She was glad that some one should mediate between herself and her aunt; and though she was rather afraid of Father Gehagan, she hoped that when he had heard all that she could tell him about her suitor he would give his sanction to the match. As for the money question, she was quite prepared to give up all her expectations if necessary; Miss Egan's property might be devoted to

pious uses; her intended husband would make no difficulty about that, she felt certain.

Father Gehagan wrote a few lines immediately in reply to Miss Egan's invitation, and followed his letter to Mary Cross after a few days. He was a man of education and a gentleman, very different indeed from what may be called the peasant priesthood of Ireland. He had spent several years at Rome, had studied politics as well as theology, and social science, or at least that branch of it which consists in making oneself agreeable in society, as well as deeper mysteries. Miss Egan lost no time in making him acquainted with the circumstances which had led her to desire his presence, and they were closeted together for a long time, so that Margarita did not see the priest until they met at the dinner-table. He talked, and laughed, and joked about all sorts of things, and helped them to pass a very pleasant evening, notwithstanding the weight of anxiety and suspense which rested upon both their hearts; but he did not make any allusion to the occasion of his visit, and when he told them that he should be obliged to return to Cork early the next morning, Margarita hoped that he had taken a favourable view of her affairs, and that she should be spared the unpleasantness of any conversation with him on the subject.

The next morning she rose betimes, having passed a sleepless night, and went out for a walk in the shrubberies. Father Gehagan, who was also on the alert, saw her from his window, and finishing his toilet in haste, followed her. Margarita had stopped to speak to a boy who was gathering up the grass which had been cut with the dew upon it, lawnmowers not having yet come into use at Mary Cross, when she heard a light quick step behind her, and, looking anxiously round, recognised the priest.

"You are up betimes, Miss Carroll," he said. "Nothing is better for the health, and the morning glow upon your cheeks shows how well it suits you. Let me share your walk this once; it is not often that I have an opportunity of seeing the dew glittering in the early sunshine, or the shadows melting away from the eastern hills under the opening eyelids of the morn."

Margarita felt that the "morning glow" was not upon her cheeks only; but that her whole face was suffused with it. Her heart beat rapidly, and as she could not command her voice sufficiently to speak without a quaver, she only bowed her head in acknowledgment of Father Gehagan's rhapsody, and continued her walk by his side.

"I am glad to have this opportunity of speaking to you alone," he said, when they had gone a few steps. "You are contemplating an important change in your manner of life, I am told; one upon which all your future happiness in this world will depend, and perhaps, too, all your well-being in the next. I have known you a great many years, and knew your dear mother: let me be your friend now, Margarita—Sister Margarita, as we used to call you. Take me into your confidence. I will give you the truest and the best advice and sympathy in my power."

His manner was so pleasant and encouraging, and the interest he manifested in her welfare so kind and fatherly, that Margarita felt herself drawn towards him; she forgot that the elderly celibate who walked by her side, adjusting his steps to hers, could not be expected to feel any real sympathy with her young

and ardent nature; and she opened her heart to him without reserve.

"There is one thing," said the priest, "in which, I think, you have done wrong, and I must tell you so. You should not have allowed your friends to remain so long in ignorance of what was going on."

"It broke upon me so suddenly," said the girl. "I had scarcely begun to think of it—to think of it, I mean, as likely to lead to anything—before Mr. Reed made his offer, and then I answered on the impulse of the moment; not, of course, promising anything, but betraying myself—letting him see that I did care for him, though I had scarcely felt how much until that moment. Then he went away to England, and did not even write to me until that letter which came with Mr. Martin's. I wish I could have spoken of it earlier to my Aunt Egan. I ought to have come home at once; but it would have made no difference; I could not be false to my own heart, never, never!"

The priest glanced at her sideways, and read in her flashing eyes, her compressed yet trembling lips, and the general expression of her face, now pale and drawn, but with a glowing crimson spot upon each cheek, that it would be useless to attempt by argument or remonstrance to move her from her purpose. And why should he? He had made it his business before coming to Mary Cross to obtain full information as to the character, the position, and the prospects of Mr. Alfred Reed. He had learnt that he was a man of artistic tastes, fond of music, devoted to church architecture and decoration; that he had advanced by rapid steps from Protestantism, which he now utterly repudiated, to Ritualism, and had more than once attended, on some special occasions, the Roman Catholic services at Peterstowe. It was not unlikely therefore that after marriage he might be won over to the "Catholic" faith. But if that should not happen, supposing even that his wife should be led away in an opposite direction, then he was assured that the Church would be no loser in the end. "No Protestant," Miss Egan had said again and again, and he quite believed her, "no Protestant should ever have Mary Cross." It would be sad, of course, to lose one soul from their communion, but there would be a gain of property and power which might be the means of winning many other souls instead. On the whole, Father Gehagan was inclined to think that the proposed alliance might not be undesirable, but that, with proper management, the interests of Holy Mother Church (which must ever be the first consideration) might be as much promoted by permitting as by opposing it.

"Ah, well," he said, after a pause, "it's the old story! Human nature, human nature! A frail thing, but it will have its way! I could have wished that you had felt yourself called to a higher destiny, and had chosen a better bridegroom; but it is not to be. We must be content to have you a follower of holy and godly matrons. I am sure, at least, that you will never forget your duty to our Holy Church. If this Mr. Reed had been a Catholic I could have been better satisfied. You must endeavour to bring him into the right way; not by arguing with him, that would be a fatal mistake; never dispute with any one on questions of faith; but by a gentle persuasion, a constant influence, such as you alone can exercise, being always with him. Let him feel the comfort of being at one with you even in little things, and so lead him on to greater.

Remind him as opportunity occurs, and with as much delicacy as you can, that it will be for his temporal as well as spiritual advantage to join our communion. You understand me; for you know what Miss Egan contemplates with reference to her property. Don't interrupt me; every motive, however unworthy in itself, may worthily be used for a good and holy end. It is only by winning your future husband over to the true church that you can certainly make your own peace with heaven for joining your lot with his, and so making yourself one with an infidel."

"No, Father Gehagan," cried Margarita; "Mr. Reed is no infidel; he is not even a Protestant; he is an Anglo-Catholic, a branch of the same church, a confessor of the same faith, or nearly the same, as ours; it will be but a step, a little step, for him to take to join us; but if he should never be persuaded to do that, he is no infidel, no heretic."

"A little step! no heretic! Do not think of it thus, my dear young lady. Whosoever is not for us is against us. 'Anglo-Catholic' do you call him? You ought to know that there is really no such thing; we recognise no church but that of which his holiness the Pope is head. Our church is everything or nothing; out of her pale men may call themselves by any name they please, Protestants, Lutherans, Mohammedans, Bhuddists, Infidels; there is practically no difference; they are not Christians, and they cannot be saved. Alas! I say it even weeping! 'Without are dogs.' Whosoever is not wholly and unreservedly a 'Catholic' is wholly and, for the time, hopelessly a heretic. Anathema maranatha! that is the inevitable sentence against every one of them."

There was no tear visible in the priest's eye, as, with sudden vehemence, he uttered these last words, but an appearance as of fire rather than of water. His usual meek demeanour was for the moment laid aside, and his lip quivered with excitement. After a few moments he recovered himself. "It is good to be zealously affected always in a good thing," he said; "otherwise I should feel it necessary to apologise for my warmth. Do not, I entreat you, Miss Carroll, fall into the dangerous error of supposing that the difference between your holy faith and that of your future husband, as long as he remains unreconciled to the church, can be slight or of little moment. It is a great gulf, which must separate you for ever in another world unless you can bring him across it now. Do not be deceived by the outward imitation of our ritual or the seeming identity of doctrines and creeds of which the High-Church party, so called, make their boast: at best it is but a pleasant sham; you must bring your husband into the bosom of the only true church or he will perish body and soul for ever. Promise that you will do so."

"I will do my best," Margarita answered; but she spoke thoughtfully and sadly, for she could not enter so fully into the spirit of her father-confessor now as when he had spoken with more gentleness and kindness. Yet she endeavoured to submit her judgment to his, and suppressed the words of remonstrance which were trembling upon her lips. Soon afterwards the priest left her, and after another lengthened interview with her aunt the car was ordered round, and he took his leave.

HARVEST-HOME.

THE fierce heats of summer are over, and have given place to a mild and even temperature. The sky is of a deeper blue, and instead of the light vapoury clouds that lately lay almost motionless in the loftier regions of the air, there are solid, rocky-looking masses constantly changing their outlines, which seem to rest their bases on the not very distant horizon, while projecting their sun-lighted crags towards the zenith. For September is now well on, and ruddy, rosy-faced summer is gracefully retiring from the scene, and giving way to advancing autumn. All around the village of Longlea the crops, with few exceptions, have been gradually reaped, and mown, and carried, and stacked. Now, look which way you will, the fields that a few weeks back were waving with the golden wheat and the bearded barley, which rustled and whistled so musically, and presented such a charming succession of varying tints as its undulating surface rose and fell at the touch of the passing breeze, no longer present such an agreeable picture. They have lost their summer glory, and are as bare as so many new-mown chins, bating the short and stunted stubble spotted here and there with the delicate-flowered bird-weed and flame-coloured poppy—stubble in which the poor partridge, with her inexperienced brood, find but a temporary and sorry shelter. There is not nearly so much of the music of the small birds and finches as there was a month ago; the songsters have pretty generally done with the cares of the nest nursery, and their young ones for the most part are

off to shift for themselves; but they do not sing in every hedgerow as they did—for ever since the fatal first of the month they have been smelling gun-powder, for the odour of which they have no relish, and you see them hurry-skurrying this way and that from the frequent crack of the fowling-piece. For the sportsmen are abroad with dog and gun, and you hear the sudden reports, now in one direction, now in another, and see the white puffs of smoke curling away among the stubble and the turnips, while now and then a half-destroyed covey of birds comes whirring along above your head in the hopeless endeavour to escape from their persecutors. The poor partridge tribe will be awfully thinned during the next few weeks, seeing that there is at this crisis a kind of pause in the labours of the husbandman, so that even the farmer himself can turn sportsman for a season, and will hardly fail to kill his share of the game.

But to-day is harvest-home at Longlea, and harvest-home, as all the world knows, means a general holiday and a general festival, with plenty of eating and drinking, and frolic, and games, and music, and the good-humour and good-feeling which tend to bring rich and poor together. You might almost imagine it was Sunday, for there is no farm-work doing, and the labourers and their wives are all in Sunday garb of clean white smock-frocks and gaily-sprigged cotton gowns; and the children, also in their best, have that self-satisfied look which tells of anticipated pleasure. Only the sounds you hear

are not at all suggestive of Sunday; there is the bawling of big voices, the banging of hammers, and the clumping of hob-nailed heels in Farmer Brown's big barn, with occasional bursts of loudest laughter following the explosion of some venerable rural joke. Amidst the din of voices, moreover, you hear at intervals the shrill squealing of a clarionet in unprofessional hands, the twang of horn, the blast of brazen trumpet, and the bomb bomb of the great drum, all which you may receive as unmistakable intimations that inside the barn certain important preparations are making, and that there the village band are tuning-up and making ready to lead off the procession to the church.

At church this morning a thanksgiving sermon will be preached by the rector, and it is expected that all the farmers and a good many of the landed gentry of the neighbourhood will be present. Whoever is present will witness a very agreeable spectacle, for during the last two or three days the interior of the church has been undergoing a revolution, which has transformed it into a vast bower of verdure, redolent of fragrant odours, and splendid with rich contrasts of colour. This green and floral adornment is the work of the ladies of the district for the most part, who seem to have lavished on the work the wealth of their gardens and greenhouses without stint. The old stone pillars of centuries ago are wreathed about with the evanescent foliage of yesterday; the pews of the gentry are so many blossoming alcoves; the pulpit and reading-desk are more than half buried in leafage, and bountiful samples of the ripened fruits and grain are conspicuous on all points of vantage.

And now there is a gradual gathering on the village green, the cottagers flocking thither in response to the appeals of the band, who have taken up a position in the centre, and are blowing vigorously at their brazen tubes by way of rehearsal. The service commences at eleven, and before the bell has warned, the villagers have assembled in a sort of extemporised order, very like disorder to look at (for they have not the remotest idea of drill), and which is rather a straggling group than anything else. But they all fall into something like step as the band strikes up a marching tune, and away they go towards the old church, whose grey square tower just lifts its battlements above yon group of old elms near the summit of the hill. The brass band stops playing as they enter the churchyard, where the rector and the gentry are awaiting them; and after the exchange of many hearty greetings and shaking of hands, and kind inquiries between the patriarchs of the district, the bell, with a few faltering tinkles, stops tolling, and the whole assembly vanishes within the porch. The service is exceedingly brief—not much more than an hour altogether—the preacher probably imagining that a short discourse is much more likely to be remembered on such an occasion than a long one.

After the benediction the musicians are the first to emerge, and as they leave the ground they strike up a lively tune, played with remarkable vigour and gusto, so that one might hear it half a mile off. They are evidently proud of their performance, and they prolong it for the best part of an hour, parading the whole of the village, and stopping now and then at certain homes of their employers to regale them with some favourite air, and give them a taste of their quality.

Meanwhile the preparations for dinner in the big barn are completed, and when all is ready the Union Jack is run up on the flagstaff which surmounts the gable-end—a signal for which a good many eyes have been watching, and which is hailed by a hearty cheer from a good many throats.

And now, if you will enter the barn, you will hear grace said, and will see the rector himself at the head of one of the long tables, the curate at another, and Farmer Brown at a third—all three armed with knives—such knives—and cutting and slicing away at the smoking-hot joints as if working for dear life. There is no small confusion, and rather a portentous clatter of sounds, as the guests crowd in, each man with his wife or his sweetheart, and bustle about for places. But there is a soothing influence in the savoury and satisfactory odours that assail their senses, and in a very few minutes the confusion and hurry subside, the noise is hushed, and all are engaged in the interesting occupation of doing justice to the harvest cheer. And capital cheer it is—roast beef and boiled, and mutton to match, and succulent tender pork with crisp brown crackling, and puddings and pies in proportion, and the excellent vegetable dishes for which Longlea is famous, and foaming mugs of Farmer Brown's mild October, and apples and pears and plums in plenty for the dessert. By-and-by, as the appetites become assuaged, there is a partial revival of conversation, and courtesies are exchanged which somehow were not thought of before. Then a few toasts are given, and the healths of the donors of the feast are drunk, not without three cheers, and three more, and then again three more, as due honour is done to one after another. Then the curate returns thanks, and the major part of the assembly file off by degrees, and betake themselves to the green, where the games are already beginning, and where the children, who have had their treat in the schoolroom, are already assembled.

The evening comes on while the games on the green are in full swing, and the broad disc of the harvest moon looms up, red as fire, in the eastern horizon, and looks the crimson sun in the face for a few moments ere he dips below in the west.

While the twilight is melting into moonlight the band plays one old-fashioned harmony after another, the boys and girls skipping merrily to the music, which elicits now and then a vocal chorus from the auditors. At the same time lights are twinkling in the big barn, where a score or so of willing hands have been busy for the last few hours in setting things in order for the evening's entertainment. If you look in you will see that the long dinner-tables have all disappeared; that in their places are rows of benches brought from the schoolroom, supplemented by a liberal contribution of chairs lent by all who had them to spare; and that at one end of the barn a kind of stage or platform has been erected. On one side of the stage stands a grand-pianoforte, and in the centre is a strange-looking apparatus, which those who know what's what affirm to be a magic-lantern; and this time, at any rate, they are in the right. At the other end of the barn a broad white sheet, whose proper function is to cover a corn-rick, has been stretched, and is an object of no small mystery to the younger part of the villagers, who, as the twilight grows deeper, begin to crowd in and occupy the chairs and benches. As no printed programmes were distributed, nor any-

thing in the shape of an advertisement, we are not able to describe the entertainment exactly in detail. If, however, we are to judge of it from the pleasure it imparted, measured by the storms of applause it elicited, it must have been of a high class indeed. There were overtures and sonatas on the piano; there were old English madrigals and glees by the Longlea Glee Club, and solos by labouring men, not forgetting "Tom Bowling" by a sometime tar who had turned agriculturist; and these musical displays were alternated by readings and recitations—some most touching and pathetic, which cause the women and girls to feel for their pocket-handkerchiefs, and others as specially comical and funny, which drew roars of laughter from the men and boys, with such a clattering and clumping of heels on the floor as none but a rural audience could possibly produce. Then, when the music and the readings were done, the candles were all put out, and a white light, like a pale sunshine, streamed from the magic-lantern on to the stretched sheet in a broad circle of almost dazzling brightness. On this clear surface were displayed a succession of charming scenes in bright colours—views of London, of Paris, of Rome, the earthquake at Lisbon, Vesuvius in eruption, a terrible storm at sea, Caves of Elora, Falls of Niagara, the whale fishery, the North Polar Sea, with occasional changes from striking views like these into colossal portraits of celebrated persons, the last transparency being that of a portrait of her Majesty seated on her imperial throne. As the capital of British India faded out, and the features of the Queen came into focus, the band struck up the national anthem, the vocalists gave it forth right loyally, and the whole assembly joined manfully in the chorus, and renewed it spontaneously as they left the place, well pleased with the entertainment afforded them.

The harvest moon was a good way up in the sky as the assembly separated into different family groups and returned to the cottage homes. There had been no quarrelling, no wrangling, no ill-temper—simply because there had been no intemperance or opportunity for intemperance. It will be a good time for old England when as much can be said for all our harvest-home festivals.

AMERICAN MYTHS:

AS RELATED TO PRIMITIVE IDEAS OF RELIGION.

BY J. W. DAWSON, LL.D., F.R.S.

III.—THE INSTINCT OF IMMORTALITY.

AS we prefaced the discussion of the Idea of God with an extract from Cartier, giving the creed of the ancient Stadaconians, we may in like manner introduce that of the doctrine of a future state with an extract from Carver, who visited the tribes of the great plains at the head of the Missouri in 1766 to 1768. He thus states the creed of one of the tribes of Dakotas or Sioux, a people then altogether unacquainted with any foreign religion. "They acknowledge one Supreme Being or giver of life, who presides over all things. The Chippeways call this being Manitou or Kitchi Manitaï; the Nundowessies

Wakon or Tongo-Wakon,* that is, the Great Spirit; and they look upon him as the source of good, from whom no evil can proceed. They also believe in a bad spirit, to whom they ascribe great power, and suppose that through his means all the evils which befall mankind are inflicted. They held also that there are good spirits of a lesser degree, who have their particular departments, in which they are constantly contributing to the happiness of mortals. To all of these they pay some kind of adoration. They doubt not but they shall exist in some future state; they however fancy that their employments there will be similar to those they are engaged in here, without the labour and difficulty attached to them in this period of their existence."

I give this extract more especially because it is the fashion at present with a certain school of archaeologists to eliminate from the American religions the ideas of a Supreme Being, of good and evil, and even of immortality. Cartier and Carver, and a host of other unexceptionable evidences, could be quoted against this stupid sacrifice of facts to a prevalent but transient theory.

Among rude peoples the belief in immortality exhibits itself chiefly in their treatment of the bodies of the dead, and in the rites connected with burial, and it is information of this kind alone that we can have regarding prehistoric men; thus funeral rites must occupy a prominent place in this paper. We must expect to find many of them crude and childish in the extreme; but we need not wonder at this when we think for a moment of the mixture of forms, heathen, mediæval, and scriptural, and the strange compound of grief, hope, and pageantry which attend burial among ourselves, with all our greater knowledge and more rational belief of immortality.

The Americans universally held the posthumous life and separate existence of the soul. When questioned as to the nature and properties of the disembodied spirit, they were like ourselves unable to give any definite answer, and compared it to a shade or ghost of the body, to a breath, air, or mist, or to the appearance of a bird—all, however, ancient and familiar representations among the nations of the Old World. They also most naturally believed that the tastes and desires of the dead were the same with those which had actuated them in life. Hence it was proper to bring offerings of food to the grave, and to bury with the corpse what the person had valued during life, or some model or miniature representation of it. In the case of eminent persons, costly gifts might be given by friends or dependents, or even by tribes and nations, for this purpose. They also believed that for a time after death the soul hovered over or remained with the body, before taking its final departure for the world of spirits, and it was supposed by some that the funeral feast held in honour of the dead was that which gave it its passport for the long journey.

The soul having thus departed was believed to make its way to the happy land, and the path thither was provided with accessories similar to those with which ancient mythologies have rendered us familiar. Some believed in the simple pathway of the stars, to which I have already referred. Others believed in a long and dangerous journey, or in a

* Wakon or Angwa is the same with the Canadian Oki or Agni; and the prefix Tongo may be compared with Mongolian Tong and Tang, and Chinese Tien, the name of the Sky-God.

Fig. 7.—
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river of death, whose Charon used a stone canoe, or which was crossed by a narrow and slippery bridge. There was a Cerberus also to be contended with, and the souls of the wicked might either perish altogether in the attempt to surmount these difficulties, or might be punished for their sins before entering the Elysian fields.

The happy land was usually in the far west, because thither the orbs of heaven went for their rest, and because the sunset sky daily opened up

oratory and song were not rare among the Americans, nor are they rare among other rude tribes. Though without a written language, they had already entered on the path of literary composition, and such orations and songs as have been preserved to us are sometimes by no means despicable efforts. The dying speech having been finished, presents were given to the sick man by members of his family, and the relatives took their last farewell, wishing him a happy journey, and consoling him with the hope of



Fig. 7.—CHIPPEWA GRAVES AND MOURNERS. (From a photograph taken by photographers on the B.N.A. Boundary Commission, 1873.) In front of the nearest grave is seen the grave-post with leaves, and a vessel for offerings tied to it. In the end of the wooden structure covering the grave is a hole for inserting offerings of food, and at top it is ornamented with leaves. At the side is hung the worked knife-case of the deceased, and above is a head-dress of feathers. The Indians represented belong to a decaying tribe, now poor and degraded by intercourse with the whites, but still retaining to some extent its ancient customs and beliefs, among which are Feasts for the Dead.

the glories of heaven's portal, to delight the eyes of men and to beckon them to immortality. Among the Americans as among the Greeks there were stories of adventurous men who had voluntarily descended into Hades to rescue the souls of their friends. Charlevoix found one of these stories, which he compares to that of Orpheus and Eurydice, and Schoolcraft has preserved two of them, which, as products of imagination, are not unworthy of a place beside classical stories of this type, themselves probably older than the times of Greek civilisation.

The belief in future happiness beyond the grave was not a shadowy imagination, but a firm and practical conviction. The early Jesuit missionaries record with wonder the stoicism and stern joy with which the savage met death, and his certain assurance of a blessed hereafter. If the dying man was the head of a family, he chanted in advance his funeral song or oration, giving parting advice to his children and sorrowing friends, as in that wonderful death-song of Jacob preserved to us in Genesis. It may be well to remark here that the gifts of

the joys at its termination, and with the assurance that his children would sustain the reputation of his name. Among one northern tribe, according to Charlevoix, it was believed that when old persons survived until their dotage, they would have to begin their new life in the other world as mere infants. To avoid this, so strong was the conviction of eternal life, old persons verging on decrepitude were in the habit of beseeching their relatives to strangle them, that they might enter the future life in the full possession of their powers.

The faith of the survivors in the immortality of their deceased friends was exhibited in the care of the body, and in the simple rites and offerings by which they hoped to promote the welfare of the disembodied spirit. First among these may be mentioned the securing of companions and assistants to the departed shade. The terrible expedient of immolating prisoners, slaves, and wives on the tomb, so prevalent in the Old World, was not unknown in the New. Among the northern tribes, their only domestic animal, the dog, was obliged to accompany his

master into the land of death, just as among the ancient Scythians and some modern Americans the warrior's horse was slain to bear him on his long journey. The dogs, killed immediately after death, usually formed a part of the funeral feast, but this did not conflict with the idea that the spirits of these sagacious animals might guide the shade to its final abode. Cranz, a Greenland missionary, relates that it is a practice with the people of that forlorn region to place the head of a dog in the tomb of a child, "in order that the soul of the dog, which can always find its way home, may show the helpless infant the way to the country of souls." Some of the arctic navigators who have opened Esquimaux graves confirm the statement of the missionary. Nilsson quotes this touching instance of care for the soul of the deceased child in illustration of the fact that skulls of dogs occur in ancient burial-mounds of the Stone Age in Sweden, which in many other respects resemble the burial-places of the Greenlanders. A similar association of remains of the dog with those of man has been found in a prehistoric Irish tumulus,* and in Peru the skeleton of the same faithful friend of man is sometimes found in the family sepulchre.

To return to the funeral ceremonies. Among the Canadian tribes the corpse immediately after death was placed in a sitting posture at the door of the hut, its face painted, dressed in the best robe of the deceased, and with his weapons beside it. Thus seated in state it was visited by friends. It was then taken to the place of burial, and laid in a grave carefully lined with the richest furs, as if the last resting-place were to be a bed of peaceful sleep. The grave was covered with a rough roof of split wood or bark; a post was set up, on which were carved the emblems of the dead, and some rude marks to indicate his actions. (Fig. 6.) And on this, or on the grave,

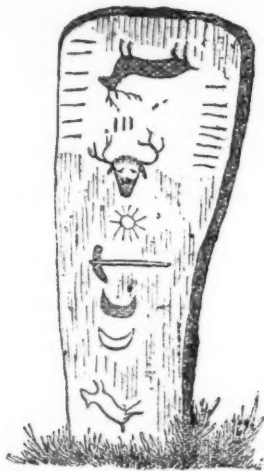


Fig. 6.—ADJEDATIG, OR GRAVE-POST OF WADJERG THE "WHITE FISHER," a Chippewa Chief, who died in 1793, from Schoolcraft. The reindeer at the top is the totem of his family; it is inverted to indicate death. The horizontal marks denote the number of his war parties and other military achievements. The three perpendicular lines indicate three wounds received in battle. The head of a moose commemorates a combat with one of these animals. The other emblems are supposed to indicate his influence as a ruler, and the animal below is perhaps his dog, represented as dying with his master.

were placed offerings to the spirit, as weapons or useful utensils; while for the time when the spirit was

supposed to haunt the grave, daily offerings of food were supplied. In the case of infants, mothers have been seen to shed the milk from their breasts on their little graves; and I have been informed that among some tribes there is more mourning for the death of a child than for an adult, on the ground of their greater helplessness in the lone land of spirits. The woodcut (Fig. 7) of Chippewa mourners is from a photograph, and shows the roofed grave with objects suspended on it as offerings, and an opening to introduce supplies of food, and the grave-post whereon to hang other offerings or emblems. After the funeral, presents were given to the relatives of the dead by their friends or by the tribe collectively, and a funeral feast was held by the family. This was accompanied by games, ending, says Charlevoix, who records these rites, with songs and cries of victory.

Last of all came the great octennial or decennial feast of the dead, most important of all the national ceremonies of the St. Lawrence tribes. Arrangements were made as to the time and place, and a master of the ceremonies was appointed, and friends were invited from neighbouring villages. When all was ready, they proceeded in procession to the cemetery, disinterred and cleansed the bones, amidst the lamentations of the women, wrapped them in new furs, and then, with many ceremonies, feasts, dances, and games, conveyed them to the great national pit or ossuary, where they were finally interred with the richest funeral gifts, and covered with the heaped-up soil.

The arrangements of burial differed among different tribes. In ancient Micmac graves, in Prince Edward Island, the bones have been found wrapped in birch bark, and with a little parcel of arrow or spear-heads interred with them. Some of the western tribes leave the corpse and its property in its lodge, which thus becomes its tomb. Some raise the bodies of the dead aloft on stages, a custom which prevails as far off as Papua, where the people have also long, communistic houses, inhabited by many families, like the Iroquois and Hurons. Some tribes buried their dead in caverns, and the old Alleghans, and other agricultural tribes of the west and south, erected great mounds over the dead, some of which, as the Grave-Creek Mound, in Virginia, seventy feet in height and a thousand feet in circumference—are among the greatest burial tumuli in the world. The elaborate subterranean sepulchral chambers of the old Peruvians are well known, and are, like the graves of the Greenlanders and the "gallery graves" of the ancient Scandinavians, miniature houses, furnished with the utensils or weapons of the dead.

Such differences in manner of burial might depend merely on difference of circumstances, and various modes might prevail among the same race. It is probable that the extinct Boëoties, or Red Indians of Newfoundland, were not an Algonquin people, but an eastern extension of the great Chippewyan or Tinné race, intermediate between the Algonquians and the Esquimaux, and entering America from the north-west. These people were destroyed partly by European settlers and partly by their hereditary enemies, the Micmacs of Nova Scotia. In 1827 an expedition was fitted out under the auspices of the Newfoundland Government by the explorer, McCormick, with the view of ascertaining if any remnant of them existed. He penetrated to the Red Indian Lake, their former head-quarters, but there found nothing but the ruins of their huts and their graves.

* Knock Maratúho, Duñilin.

The interments had been of various kinds; some were in carefully-built huts of bark, others on stages of poles, others under heaps of stones. The body of an unfortunate young woman, taken prisoner by the whites, among whom she died, and after death left to be recovered by her tribe, was recognised by the remains of European clothing which these poor savages had scrupulously buried with her. If we ask the reason of this variety, the climate affords a ready answer. In Lower Canada at this day, the bodies of those who die in winter are preserved in vaults until spring, when they can be properly buried; so among the Red Indians, any one dying in winter could not be interred in the frozen ground or buried under stones, but must be placed in a bark cabin or on a stage. In like manner it is quite conceivable that under different circumstances the same tribe might bury their dead, or dispose of them by cremation, as the Kutchin of North and West America, a branch of the same stock with the Boëoties, now do.

But however different in details, all these modes of burial rested on the belief in immortality, and on the idea that the care of the body and the provision of suitable offerings had a connection with the soul's welfare in a future life. A further illustration of this, and also probably of some dim notion of a resurrection of the body, is afforded by the desire of the American Indian to be in death "gathered to his fathers." A touching instance of this feeling is afforded by the story of the aged Micmac Sachem, or Sagamo, Mambertou, a man of high character and influence among his people, and evidently of great personal qualities. He became an early convert of the missionaries, and when attacked with his last illness was carried to Port Royal for medical assistance; but finding this of no avail, and his end approaching, he asked the Governor, Beincourt, to promise that his body should be taken to his native village and buried with those of his ancestors. The promise was given, but no sooner was it known to the Jesuit missionaries, than they were filled with horror; their noble convert could not be buried with infidels, his bones must lie in consecrated ground. Beincourt suggested that they might consecrate his grave in the Micmac burial-place, but this was out of the question, unless all the old infidels in the cemetery could first be disinterred and removed. The quarrel threatened to be serious, and the angry monks withdrew, and declared that if Mambertou persisted in his unreasonable wish, they would have nothing to do with his death or burial, and would withhold the rites of the Church. No modern Ultramontanes could display more faithful ritualism or more genuine antagonism to all that is holy and spiritual in religion and in man; and the Jesuit narrative records with satisfaction that their firmness triumphed; for the dying chief, unable to struggle against their fanaticism, quietly gave way, and his bones lie in the old French cemetery of Port Royal.

A TRIP TO JAVA.

AFTER a residence of some time at Singapore, and when the sense of novelty which at first attaches one to a strange country had worn off, I felt a strong desire to shift the scene and proceed to some

fresh place. Whilst in this state of mind, the Dutch mail steamer arrived at Singapore, whither she had been despatched from Java to await the arrival of the European mail, and to bring over the Dutch portion of it to Batavia. I at once decided to avail myself of so good an opportunity for visiting an island whose picturesque scenery and productive powers I had always heard spoken of in terms of the highest praise.

The passage between the two islands rarely occupies more than three days, and being in smooth water throughout, land being kept in sight the whole way, there were none of the horrors usually attendant on sea-voyaging to be encountered. Besides the very pretty scenery which continually presented itself to the eye as we threaded our way through the numerous little islands which lay upon our route, there was not in the little world itself in which we moved any lack of subject calculated to interest or amuse. It was, indeed, a strange and motley crowd that was gathered together on board that old Dutch steamer, embracing, as it did, persons of almost every creed and colour, each speaking his native tongue, English, French, Dutch, Portuguese, Chinese, Malay, or Hindostanee.

Leaving the little island of Rhio, we threaded our way by the light of the moon through the narrow yet beautiful strait of the same name, and passing thence into the Straits of Banca, anchored the following day at Mintok, a barren and miserable-looking place, whose only value consists in its extensive tin mines, which are a rich source of revenue to the Dutch government, yielding annually, it is said, about fifty thousand pickuls of that metal. The mines are worked entirely by Chinese, who receive nine rupees for each pickul they deliver at the government stores. Quitting the Straits of Banca, we emerged on the fourth and last day of our voyage upon the Java Sea, and after a few hours' steaming came in sight of the city of Batavia, the capital of Java.

The approach to Batavia is cheerless in the extreme, the town being situated in the centre of a low marshy jungle, the very hotbed of malaria; but, in spite of its well-known unhealthiness, the settlement, which was founded nearly three centuries ago, gradually rose into such importance as to acquire for itself the designation of the "Queen of the East."* It is reached by a canal which flows through the heart of the town, and for several miles beyond into the interior of the island.

The climate of Batavia has always proved especially fatal to Europeans, and even at the present day it is only the native portion of the community that can remain in the town after nightfall. The European population reside entirely in the country, and the merchants and others who have business to transact in Batavia go up to their offices daily at an early hour of the morning, and by three o'clock in the afternoon all business has ceased, and every office in the town is closed. The hotels, which are all situated out of town, are comfortable enough, being in their construction and internal arrangements specially adapted to the requirements of a tropical climate. The charge at these establishments, which is fixed by law, is the same all over the island, and is very moderate, being at the time I visited it only five rupees per diem for each person.

* See "Leisure Hour" for 1876, page 461.

Carriages and horses are kept at all the hotels, and form by no means an unimportant part of the establishment. The carriages are all of a uniform description, being a small phaeton, drawn by a pair of ponies, and the coachman and the grooms wear the livery of the hotel to which they belong. These vehicles look very neat, but they are fully as rough as a Calcutta kranchie. They are precisely the kind of carriage into which one would put a man who had been bitten by a snake, or taken an overdose of laudanum, for if anything human could keep him awake, it would be a Java pony-phaeton. Very few of the carriages in Java are provided with lamps, the custom being for the groom to stand at night upon the hind part of the vehicle, carrying a large torch as long as himself, which does the duty of a pair of lamps. The objection, however, to this plan is, that on a windy night the inside of the carriage receives quite as much of the smoke of the flambeau as the outside.

Travelling in Java is very expensive. The roads, however, are excellent, as are the horses also, the usual travelling pace of the latter being fully ten miles an hour. Post-horses are only obtainable by application to the government, whose sanction is also necessary before the visitor will be permitted to quit the capital. This is given as a matter of course, unless some special cause should exist for its refusal. The visitor then receives a passport, which holds good for twelve months, and for which he has to pay a fee of two-and-a-half rupees.

Horses are maintained upon only two lines of road, viz., Marshal Daendel's famous coast road, which traverses the entire length of the island from Anjer on the west coast to Banjoewangie at the eastern end of it, a distance of more than eight hundred miles, and upon the post road, which connects the northern and southern coasts, and traverses the native states of Djokokerta and Solokerta. Upon the other lines—and there are several that intersect the interior in every direction—horses are only obtainable by favour, or through the official influence of the district authorities. Before the formation of Marshal Daendel's great road, the communication between the capital and the eastern districts was necessarily very uncertain, being chiefly maintained by small coasters. The construction of this splendid highway, therefore, though it is said to have cost the lives of some twenty thousand persons, has proved of inestimable advantage to the island by enabling the government to communicate at all times of the year with its most distant provinces in the short space of three or four days.

If desirous of seeing the interior of the country, the visitor will find no difficulty in suiting himself with a travelling carriage, every description of vehicle being procurable in Batavia, from the well-stuffed britzka down to the island-built charabanc. As I contemplated an absence of several weeks from the capital, I found it would be the most economical plan to purchase a carriage, and I was fortunate enough to meet with a first-rate britzka, formerly the property of the Duke of Devonshire, and fitted with every possible convenience for travelling, and for which I paid the very moderate sum of £53 only.

My arrangements completed, I lost not a day in exchanging the suffocating heat of Batavia for the cooler and purer atmosphere of the country. There was something so exhilarating in the rapid pace at

which the Java ponies flew along with our heavily-laden carriage, and the mountain air felt so fresh and invigorating, that, under these life-restoring influences, I already felt better than I had done for months. The Bengal ayah alone, who sat crouching in a remote corner of the roomy coach-box, seemed unable to participate in these feelings. Though she was riding for the first time in her life upon a duke's carriage, though the scenery was highly picturesque, and the weather delightful, and though strange scenes and objects were presented constantly to her view, still they failed, one and all, to awaken in her the slightest emotion.

The forty-mile journey to Buitenzorg was performed in four hours—the usual time allotted for reaching that place by post. Here we remained some days, during which we received much kindness and hospitality from his Excellency the Governor-General and his amiable lady, to whom we had brought letters of introduction from our friends at Singapore.

The climate of Buitenzorg is much healthier than that of Batavia, and from being more than a thousand feet above the sea, it is necessarily much cooler; at the same time we found it rather damp. The mornings and evenings, however, were delightful, and with the thermometer no higher than 75°, we were enabled to ride or walk with real enjoyment. A stranger, however, would soon tire of Buitenzorg, for there is literally nothing to be seen there except the Botanical Gardens, and with these he would probably be disappointed, as, though they contain a rich and rare collection of tropical plants, the gardens are not laid out with any artistic skill, nor are there enough men employed to keep them in any kind of order. There is a stiffness, too, about the long, straight walks, which is the reverse of pleasing; and these, again, instead of being laid with gravel, are covered over with loose pebbles, which make walking upon them very fatiguing.

It was a clear, fresh morning when we stepped into our ducal carriage in order to continue our progress up the country. The scene before us was beautiful in the extreme. Immediately in front of us was the richly-wooded Megameddon, over which, some four hours later, our carriage would have to pass at an elevation of more than four thousand feet above the sea. A little to the right, and already enveloped in mist, rose the lofty Simoet. On the extreme left, and occasionally exhibiting its crest through the white fleecy clouds that were sporting around its summit, stood the noble Salok, at an elevation of seven thousand feet. Beneath us, and now gradually receding from view, were the many picturesque, though low hills, which almost encircle the town of Buitenzorg. And far, far away, and for many a mile, stretched the verdant plains which lie betwixt the districts of Buitenzorg and Batavia.

The road begins to ascend almost immediately on leaving Buitenzorg, and the surrounding hills gradually closing in upon it, disclose to view an occasional native village or planter's villa, nestling in an orchard of fruit trees. But the most striking features in the landscape are the terraces cut in the hill-sides, and which in some instances are carried nearly half-way up the hill. These terraces are highly cultivated, and produce an effect that is as singular as it is pleasing. The view of the Priangan districts, from the summit of the Megameddon, when the weather is clear, is magnificent. We had had a shower of

rain before reaching the top, but it cleared just in time to give us a splendid prospect of the plains below us. A descent of about a thousand feet brings the traveller to Tjipanas; here there is a private bungalow, belonging to the Governor-General, a small botanical garden, and a hot spring. A further descent of two thousand feet and the traveller reaches Tjanjore, the head-quarters of the Resident of the Priangen.

In the administration of the government of their Eastern possessions, to which of late attention has been specially directed by the war in Sumatra, the Dutch have always proceeded on the principle of giving their native subjects a share in the management of the country. The same policy has recently been recognised and acted upon in India, where for the last fifty years the natives have been gradually admitted to fill posts of trust and responsibility in every branch of the public service. Pursuing this system in Java, the Dutch allow the native chiefs of every degree of rank to take a part, more or less, in the conduct of public affairs. To the princes of the land, under the title of "Regent," is delegated the control over the different districts of the island. But associated with the Regent there is a European officer, styled a Resident, who is practically, indeed, the real ruler in the district, for though he does not interfere directly in the management of the province to which he is attached, he is expected and enjoined to suggest for the Regent's consideration and adoption any measures or changes in the administration which he might deem necessary for the good of the district over which he is set. And, as a rule, any such suggestions, when made by the European Resident are at once acted upon by the Regent.

The revenue system in Java is a very peculiar one. The gross produce of each district is annually estimated by the local officers at the commencement of the year. The government then puts an arbitrary valuation upon the produce of each, two-fifths of which form the demand of the State in lieu of a land-tax. The average rate at which this demand falls upon the cultivated area of the whole island is, I understood, about eight rupees the *baou*.* In the districts of the Priangen a different system of assessment exists. In those districts the agriculturist is allowed to retain the entire rice produce of his land, but, in lieu thereof, he is bound to furnish annually to the government a certain quantity of uncleaned coffee, the amount being fixed by the district officer at the beginning of the year. The price the cultivator receives for his coffee is absurdly small, being only three rupees per pickul, or about one halfpenny per pound. In the other districts every family is bound to grow a certain quantity of trees, varying in number from five hundred to a thousand, and for every pickul of uncleaned coffee the cultivator may take to the government storehouse he is entitled to receive ten rupees.

The Java coffee has never enjoyed a very high reputation, but there seems no reason why it should not be produced of a quality equal to the finest specimens grown in Bourbon or Mocha. In Java, however, little or no attention is bestowed on the cultivation of the plant, and after the trees are once planted they are left to take care of themselves, and suffered to grow as they will. An interval only of

from six to eight feet is allowed between them; the sun and air, therefore, can never reach the plants, and a Java coffee garden accordingly has all the appearance of an unreclaimed jungle. The Dadap, or silk-cotton tree, which is invariably planted along with the coffee shrubs in order to screen the latter from the sun and wind, is admirably suited for this purpose, being a large but not too thickly-leaved tree, and attaining a height of from twenty to twenty-five feet.

Leaving Tjanjore after breakfast, we reached Bandong the same afternoon. This place well deserves the character it bears of being the Montpelier of Java. During the fortnight we spent there the weather resembled that of an English summer, the thermometer never rising above 75° at the hottest time of the day, and frequently falling as low as 68° before sunrise. The town stands at an elevation of two thousand two hundred and forty feet above the sea, and in its immediate vicinity are several lofty mountains, amongst the number, the Goonangago and the Goonangrang-rang, which rise respectively to the height of seven thousand five hundred and six thousand eight hundred feet.

Though not so large as Tjanjore, Bandong is still a place of considerable size, and its inhabitants wear about them an air of comfort and contentment which affords the surest evidence of its thriving condition. The town is very neatly laid out, the several streets intersecting each other at right angles. The houses are mostly tiled, and being constructed upon a uniform plan, present an appearance which is very pleasing. The roads are wide and well kept, and the different shops, with their varied contents, offer to the unaccustomed eye of the stranger a sight that is as interesting as it is novel. On one side you may see a choice collection of Javanese hats of all colours and sizes, varying in diameter from one foot and a-half to three feet, but all having the usual characteristic shape of an inverted washhand basin. These curiously-shaped hats are made of bamboo, the outer side being covered with a thick coating of varnish, which renders them impervious to rain. The wearer of the Javanese hat, therefore, needs no umbrella. The drapers' shops are not less attractive, with their endless variety of chintzes and dyed cottons, amongst which the most prominent and favourite colours are blue and scarlet. But perhaps, to the eye of a stranger, the most curious and interesting of all are the eating-booths. Here, amid the varied display of savoury viands which assail the senses, the most fastidious taste might chance to be suited—here, for a few pice, the traveller may dine on Kabobed meats and curry, roasted Indian corn, and risolles of coloured rice, with vegetables, fruits, pickles, and sweetmeats; if he would desire fish besides, he could have it, but he must eat it in a putrid state, as the Javanese will not touch it in any other condition.

The environs of the town are almost exclusively occupied by coffee gardens, each plantation being fenced in with a closely-cut hedge of the scarlet hybiscus, which here grows in the greatest luxuriance; but in order to obtain a good view of Bandong and the country around it, the visitor must ascend one or other of the heights above the town, and then, if the weather be clear, he would be rewarded with a fine panoramic view of the surrounding hills and the valley below him, in the centre of which lies the little town embosomed in its numerous coffee gardens, and luxuriant with a perpetual verdure.

* The *baou* is somewhat larger than the English acre.

LORD PALMERSTON'S LETTERS.*



LORD PALMERSTON'S correspondence, when read, serves to account at the same time for his popularity and his authority: the mixture of pleasantry with satire—of good-humour with censure—of friendliness with command. The kindly tone of refusals, the full and ample expression of thanks, combine in a singular manner to exhibit the minister who, without exciting our imagination as the ideal of a statesman, orator, or hero, satisfied our mind with the reality of an able, practical, good-tempered man who loved his country and his countrymen, did his business with zeal and pleasure, liked a joke, would not be trifled with, and never showed a disposition either to cringe or to offend.

He had a good-natured, gay way of giving reproofs when he did not mean them to be severe, of which every one who had much correspondence with him will recollect some example. "Put a little more starch into your neckcloth, my dear —," he said to a favourite diplomatist who he thought did not hold up his head high enough at the court where the minister represented us. To a member of the Government who had been making promises as to measures in perspective, he closed a letter by observing, "I must say that the established practice for members of a Government is to speak of what the Government of which they are members has done, but not to tell the world of what that Government means to do."

It must often happen to a diplomatist who has any intellect to differ from some of the views which the Minister of Foreign Affairs may have conceived, because the Minister of Foreign Affairs cannot know all the local circumstances to which his views have to be applied so well as the man on the spot. I have always considered it a duty in such cases to express my own opinions fearlessly, and in doing this with Lord Palmerston I never found him displeased. At times he yielded or modified his previous instruc-

tions; at times he persisted in them; but he never, as far as my experience goes, rebuked an agent, who had anything to justify his sentiments, for expressing them.

But he hated anything like a subterfuge, and saw at once through a device which some clever diplomatists practise of putting their own opinions into somebody else's mouth.

On one occasion a *charge d'affaires* who was told to carry out instructions he disapproved of related his conversation with the Minister on whom he was told to urge them, and gave the Minister's arguments in reply with all the skill and force he could supply.

Lord Palmerston, after answering these arguments with his usual ability, closed his despatch by these quiet observations:—"It may be, and no doubt is, the duty of a diplomatist in reporting a conversation with a member of the Government to which he is accredited to report the nonsense, however great it may be, that may be said to him, but it would be more to the credit of his own sagacity if he took care in making his report not to let it be supposed that he did not see the absurdity of the things that had been said to him."

To one gentleman who was perpetually pressing on him some claims of his father to a peerage, which claims had been frequently put aside by him, after reminding his correspondent courteously of this fact and of the reasons for it, he writes, as if relieving himself from a disagreeable thought:—"I confess I cannot see what advantage or satisfaction can accrue to your father from drawing from me at repeated intervals a repetition of this statement."

I cannot refrain from mentioning an instance of the scrupulous justice with which he distributed the patronage at his disposal.

An intimate friend of mine, who, in addition to a certain position in the diplomacy, had, from his birth, fortune, and talents, considerable claims to the attention of Government, and for whom Lord Palmerston himself had a great partiality, begged me to ascertain whether he would obtain a certain appointment, then vacant, if he asked for it. I spoke to Lord Palmerston in the sense desired; and at my first doing so he seemed well disposed to give me a favourable answer; but, after a little consideration, added, he would think over the matter, and let me know in two or three days. In two or three days we met at Hatfield; and then, taking me aside, Lord Palmerston said he had been reflecting on the services of those who might expect the place I had spoken of, and that he was sorry to say that there was a gentleman who had far stronger claims than the friend I had mentioned, whom he should like very much to oblige, but he felt he could not, in such a case, merely please his own feelings.

Nothing more annoyed him than that an agent should show indifference to the ill-treatment of a British subject; and he pushed this laudable feeling at times further perhaps than the general principles of international law would strictly allow. An Englishman who goes to reside in a foreign country must be held undoubtedly subject to the laws of that country, and can only claim that such laws in his case should be fairly carried out. But Lord Palmerston did not always abide by that rule. "As to the laws of Venezuela," he observes in one instance, "the people of Venezuela must of course submit to them;

* Extracted by permission from vol. iii. of the "Life of Lord Palmerston." By the late Lord Dalling and the Hon. Evelyn Ashley, M.P. (Bentley & Son).

but the British Government will not permit gross injustice to be done or gross oppression to be exercised on British subjects under the pretence of Venezuelan law."

I remember, early in life, making a great mistake, of which I not unnaturally apprehended the consequences. I consulted a man, more able perhaps than any other from his knowledge of the world and of affairs—a knowledge for which he was not always sufficiently given credit—Baron James Rothschild. "Pho, pho!" he said; "no man need ever care about one mistake; it is number two that signifies;" and he then showed me how a considerable success might be derived from the very error I had committed. There never was a more striking example of Baron James's maxim than that furnished by incidents in Lord Palmerston's life.

I remember a keen observer of mankind saying to me when I was a youth, "Remember that what you do now and then may get you momentary reputation or applause, but what you do every day will be the basis of your character and ultimate reputation." I have often heard persons express their surprise at Lord Palmerston's great popularity. I could not myself altogether account for it until I read his correspondence.

It is said that M. de Talleyrand had a formula for answering literary men who sent him their works, which he said that he received with a satisfaction which he felt sure would be increased on reading them. But Lord Palmerston goes heartily into the author's feelings. He sees the trouble he must have had, the hopes he entertains, the reputation he desires to establish.

The following letter to Mr. Wade* is an example of the manner in which he encouraged a meritorious writer in his labours.

"94, Piccadilly, Sept. 23, 1859.

"My dear Sir,—I am very much obliged to you for the highly interesting volume which you have been so kind as to send to me. I have received it with great pleasure, not only on account of its intrinsic merits, but because it is a proof that ability and perseverance may succeed in conquering the formidable difficulties of the Chinese language.

"The importance of the conquest, however, is fully greater than even the difficulty of its achievement.—My dear Sir, yours faithfully,

"Thos. Wade, Esq." "PALMERSTON.

The letter offering Mr. Cobden a seat in the Cabinet, in 1859, strikes me also as singularly happy. The allusion to Mr. Milner Gibson, whose accession to office Lord Palmerston mentions as a favour conferred on himself, and not as a favour he was conferring, indirectly but gracefully suggests to Mr. Cobden that the Premier is soliciting a favour from him also, and is the more flattering from the delicacy of the flattery.

"94, Piccadilly, June 27, 1859.

"My dear Sir,—I understand that it is likely that you may arrive at Liverpool to-morrow, and therefore wish that this letter should be placed in your hands upon your landing.

"I have been commissioned by the Queen to form an administration, and I have endeavoured so to form it that it should contain representatives of all sections of the Liberal party, convinced as I am that no Government constructed upon any other basis

could have sufficient prospect of duration, or would be sufficiently satisfactory to the country.

"Mr. Milner Gibson has most handsomely consented to waive all former differences, and to become a member of the new Cabinet. I am most exceedingly anxious that you should consent to adopt the same line; and I have kept open for you the office of President of the Board of Trade, which appeared to me to be the one best suited to your views and to the distinguished part which you have taken in public life. I shall be very glad to see you, and to have personal communication with you as soon as may be convenient to you on your arrival in London, and I am, my dear Sir, yours faithfully,

"Richard Cobden, Esq." "PALMERSTON.

Two other letters I quote, one in which he expresses his regret at not being able to offer a gentleman an appointment. One in which he gives an appointment to a gentleman. These two letters seem to me models of their kind.

The gentleman who got the appointment, and who might have thought it through a private friendship for his father, is expressly told that he owes it to his own merits; and the gentleman who is not appointed would have shown the refusal with as much pride to his mother or his wife as if it had been the offer of a lucrative place.

"94, Piccadilly, Dec. 14, 1859.

"My dear Sir,—Many thanks for your note of the 12th. I can assure you that it gave me great pleasure to find myself able to do that which was agreeable to the son of a much-esteemed and highly-valued friend; but at the same time it is due to you to say that I should not have been guided by my personal feelings in this respect, if I had not thought that you were the fittest person I could choose for the office to which you have been appointed.—My dear Sir, yours faithfully,

"PALMERSTON.

"Col. J. H. Stuart."

"94, Piccadilly, June 24, 1859.

"My dear Sir,—I return you the enclosed, and beg at the same time to express my regret that it has not been possible for me to avail myself of your very valuable assistance in regard to the arrangement which I have had to make, as I am well satisfied that any public duties which you might have consented to undertake would have been performed by you with that ability which you are known to possess.—Yours faithfully,

"PALMERSTON.

"B. Gregson, M.P., 32, Upper Harley Street."

Lord Palmerston was not a democrat. He did not think a democracy the best Government for a people, and he wished to maintain an aristocracy as a part of ours. But all his feelings and sympathies were of a broad, popular kind. I find instances, in looking through his correspondence, when Secretary of War, of his interest in the private soldier's comfort and moral improvement. As a landlord he showed a constant attention to the comfort, education, and improvement of the peasant. But I do not know that I could find anywhere a more complete exemplification of his feelings as to the happiness and enjoyment of the great masses of the population than in two letters to Sir Benjamin Hall, at that time First Commissioner of Works, with respect to the management of the parks.

"94, Piccadilly, Oct. 31, 1857.

"My dear Hall,—I cannot agree with you as to the principle on which the grass in the park should be treated. You seem to think it a thing to be

* Now British Minister at Peking.

looked at by people who are to be confined to the gravel walks. I regard it as a thing to be walked upon freely and without restraint by the people, old and young, for whose enjoyment the parks are maintained; and your iron hurdles would turn the parks into so many Smithfields, and entirely prevent that enjoyment. As to people making paths across the grass, what does that signify? If the parks were to be deemed hayfields, it might be necessary to prevent people from stopping the growth of the hay by walking over the grass; but as the parks must be deemed places for public enjoyment, the purpose for which the parks are kept up is marred and defeated when the use of them is confined to a number of straight gravel walks.

"When I see the grass worn by foot traffic, I look on it as a proof that the park has answered its purpose, and has done its duty by the health, amusement, and enjoyment of the people.

"In the college courts of Cambridge a man is fined half-a-crown who walks over the grass-plots, but that is not a precedent to be followed.—Yours sincerely,

"Rt. Hon. Sir B. Hall."

"PALMERSTON.

"94, Piccadilly, Nov. 12, 1857.

"My dear Hall,—I have been much surprised this morning at seeing a party of labourers employed in trenching a large piece of the Green Park. As head of the Government, I have a right to expect that essential alterations should not be made in the spaces allotted for the enjoyment and recreation of the public without my previous sanction and concurrence, and I entirely disapprove of the restrictions which you are imposing upon the free enjoyment of the Green Park and Hyde Park by the public.

"Your iron hurdles are an intolerable nuisance, and I trust that you mean shortly to remove them. To cut up the Green Park into enclosed shrubberies and plantations would be materially to interfere with the enjoyment and free recreation of the public; and I must positively forbid the prosecution of any such scheme. As head of the Government, I should be held by the public to have authorised these arrangements, and I do not choose to be responsible for things which I disapprove.—Yours sincerely,

"PALMERSTON.

"Rt. Hon. Sir Benjamin Hall, Bart."

There is earnestness and determination here. There might have been a different way of looking at the subject. It might have been contended that pleasure may be derived from the eye—that the working man might be gratified by seeing pretty patches of flowers, and walking down nicely-gravelled walks; and the popular philosopher might have theorised on this subject with much grace and plausibility. But what the simple glance of Lord Palmerston saw was the labouring man, relieved from his toil, strolling with his wife as he listed along the broad common, sitting down under the trees, playing with his children, enjoying the free air and the open space in careless independence; and when he says that he likes to see the grass worn, because it is a proof that the people have been enjoying themselves, we feel how completely his heart beat, even on the most ordinary questions, with the great public heart of the country—how much in reality he was one of the many, and concentrated in his own mind the feelings of the many.

It was this identity which he felt with the English people that made him so proud of their strength and so jealous of their honour.

It is singular how this feeling in a Minister—this feeling which distinguishes the great Minister from the ordinary one—raises his country, and elevates all those in its service by a sort of magical influence that is felt both at home and abroad. Chatham was in the soul of Wolfe, and his son in that of Nelson. Mr. Canning's high bearing and splendid words gave to a few guards sent to Lisbon a force which may be said to have paralysed the power of the great military monarchies of Europe.

Lord Palmerston had not the genius of these men, but he had the spirit and the sentiment, and he took care that no one who served under him should be without them.

Varieties.

MISSIONARIES DESCRIBED BY LIEUT. CAMERON, R.N.—The gallant explorer, whose muscle and pluck enabled him to cross Africa, met with some curiosities worthy of Baron Munchausen. He came upon some "missionaries," or people who called themselves so, who were "half-bred and drank their champagne." Upon which the captain said (it was at a meeting of the Royal Colonial Society, reported in the London papers), "He would allow that a great deal of work had been done by the missionaries, but a great many men who had gone out there were not fit to be missionaries at all. The fact was the black man knew a gentleman when he saw him as well as any one else, and the men who went out there should be thorough gentlemen by birth and breeding. Those who went out to teach trades were not expected to be gentlemen. As missionaries it was no use sending half-bred men, or men disappointed as haircutters, or a man who had been seventeen years a cobbler, and who then suddenly discovered that the spirit moved him. Such men, upon £300 or £400 annually, lived comfortably, drinking their champagne, and in course of a few years retired, returning to this country to make a sensation, and talk of the hardships they had endured for the poor negro. The latter would be much better had he not seen so many of such missionaries, and if more would return home to follow their legitimate pursuits." Mr. Cameron's strange remarks were not allowed to pass without censure, some of the Colonial men present saying that very odd seamen as well as missionaries might be met with over the world, but that a charge of this sort should not be made without stating who these missionaries were, and by what Church or Society sent out. Considering that Mr. Cameron himself was sent in the track of Livingstone, and remembering what Moffat and others have done for Africa, the speech was not judicious or generous, to say the least of it. Did he refer to Dr. Carey, one of the first and best of missionaries in India, when he spoke of "a man who had been a cobbler"? Some of the earliest Christian missionaries had been fishermen, tent-makers, and engaged in other "legitimate pursuits," before going forth as heralds of the cross.

NEWS FOR SCOTLAND.—The "New York Observer," usually a well-informed paper, among recent varieties, says that "in Shetland, which is the part of Scotland whence Shetland ponies originally came, some of the ministers live on 100 dollars a year. They are expected to be as hardy as the ponies, and to live as cheaply. One minister, who has a wife and four children, gets about 125 dollars. There is no great rush of candidates for the ministry in Scotland." The Rev. Mr. Ingram, minister of the poorest and most northerly parish in Shetland, last year completed his hundredth year, and is therefore older than the American Republic itself. Cheap living, the "New York Observer" may further inform its readers, does not seem to curtail the longevity of Shetland ministers.

REVENUE.—It may be interesting to see the actual proportion each of the principal articles bears to the total revenue collected, which stands as follows:—

Tobacco	33½ per cent.
Spirits	30½ "
Tea	18½ "
Wine	8½ "
All other articles	3½ "

If comparison be made with only a decade since (1865), it will be found that the proportion that tobacco bore to the total collected was then only 27 per cent., and spirits 14½ per cent.